

TAFT AGAIN EATS AUNT DELIA'S PIES

President Motors 150 Miles
to Millbury, Mass.

GEN. WOOD TO SEE HIM TO-DAY

Will Report on Trip as Special Ambassador to Centennial Celebration at Buenos Ayres—Gov. Eberhardt and F. B. Kellogg Will Invite Taft to Conservation Congress.

Beverly, July 31.—President Taft motored 150 miles to-day through a smiling New England countryside to see his aunt, Miss Delia Torrey, of Millbury.

Mrs. Taft, Charles Taft, and the President's brother, Henry W. Taft, of New York, went along. Horace D. Taft, another brother of the President, was already at Aunt Delia's home, and there was a little reunion in the quaint little colonial mansion on the outskirts of the village of most of the Taft family. It was whispered about to-night that some of that famous apple pie which Aunt Delia knows so well how to make was waiting for "Will" Taft, and it was said, too, that the President did justice to it.

The President started out from Beverly shortly after 10 o'clock this morning. The big white house steamer pulled into Millbury just after 1 o'clock. Coming back, it left Aunt Delia's house at 4 o'clock, and at 8 o'clock the President was back at the Evans cottage once more. The speedometer registered more than 150 miles.

Just a Holiday Visit.

The trip was made quietly and without display. It was just a holiday visit for the President, and not a policeman or a local committee member bothered him in all the long journey. Only once did a cop figure in the ride, and that was when the President's car started in on the speedway at River Beach, near Boston. That speedway is sacred from 3 o'clock in the afternoon until 10 o'clock at night to foot passengers and those in horse-pulled vehicles. But the name of the President was mighty. They opened the gates of the speedway to him, and a uniformed cop mounted the front step of the car and waved the crowds away from in front.

The big car steamed for mile after mile over a road that fairly talked to a high-power machine, through mile after mile of shade bordered road past little lakes nestling in the hills, and through sleepy little villages that were all topped up in their Sunday best. The sky was blue, but the fleecy little cloudlets and the ten-mile breeze kept the temperature down and the Presidential party had no need for sunshades or fans or "tops" on the machine.

Speed Limit Is Lifted.

The car got up beyond the thirty-five mile an hour mark and brake shoes spoke in shrill protest only once or twice.

All Eastern Massachusetts seemed to be out in automobiles, and on the road the President took, but never once did his chauffeur get entangled and there was no police car to go screaming ahead with a warning whistle nor a pilot car to clear the way.

The luncheon at Aunt Delia's was waiting when the party swung down at the gate. Aunt Delia herself, gray haired, dressed in sober black, a little bent beside her big nephew, escorted him into the house. After the pie had gone the way of all good pies, the Tafts went visiting across the street to meet the H. W. Phillips, relations of Aunt Delia's. After a short chat they entered the machine and turned east once more.

At Worcester Henry W. Taft left the party, for he is bound for New York and Europe. From there on the journey was practically one continual succession of hills that stretched away in front like dirty brown ribbon, with the valley in between dotted with moving cars and little lakes, where the Massachusetts folk were taking a Sunday airing. At Lakeside, near Worcester, at Norumbega Park, on the skirts of Boston, and at Revere Beach the President saw some of America hard at work recreating itself.

Few Recognize President.

In all the hundreds of thousands of people who saw him, and there were more than a hundred thousand at Revere Beach alone, just a few recognized the President. The boys out at Millbury knew him, knew him well. They called him "Bill Taft." In closer to Boston some of the automobilists thought they knew the President, and some turned back after he had passed with the old familiar surprised air as if they had just seen a very old friend.

At each of the three resorts the car passed through the chauffeurs slowed up a bit. At Norumbega Mr. Taft was obviously interested. There the car crossed the Charles River, and within sight of the road were hundreds of canoes filled with men in shirt sleeves and women in all sorts of summer wear. One canoe, in particular, in which a young woman reclined at ease with a book in one hand, a big photograph in full action at her side, and a lusty young swimmer at her feet, playing the paddle, attracted his attention and brought out his smile.

At Revere some of the recreators did know the President. In front of one of the amusement resorts that wasn't drawing some one started a mild yell. It didn't go far in that crowd, but the President acknowledged it, anyhow.

Charles Taft assumed himself returning by pulling a hair or two from the somewhat nearly bald head of Capt. Butt, who sat in the front seat.

All Tired and Dusty.

Out of Lynn, a few miles from home, the President's chauffeur let her out a few notches to make Beverly before candle light. He couldn't quite get within the gates in time, but it was close enough, and the President and Mrs. Taft, a bit tired, a bit dusty, but with the memory of one of the best trips they have taken this summer, got ready for dinner.

The President, of course, saw no visitors to-day. Gen. Leonard Wood, Chief of Staff of the army, will call at Beverly to-morrow. He was special ambassador from the United States to the centennial celebration held by the Argentine republic in Buenos Ayres.

Gov. Eberhardt, of Minnesota, and Frank B. Kellogg, are expected here to ask the President to attend the National Conservation Congress at St. Paul in September. William L. Ward, Republican national committeeman from New York, may come to see the President to-morrow.

Largest Morning Circulation.

STILL ASSAILING BURTON.

Longworth and Cox Angry at the Junior Senator.

Columbus, Ohio, July 31.—Politicians gossiped to-day when they learned that George B. Cox said about Senator Burton in an affidavit. Representative Longworth's friends were inclined to believe Cox, as they also encountered opposition when they approached Burton with suggestions as to Longworth's candidacy.

Cox says Burton and Roosevelt's son-in-law was a snob. Longworth's friends hadn't heard that, but had heard things about as caustic from Burton.

Many here think Cox is about to retire from politics, and has decided to get even with some of his old and some of his new political enemies. The Cox expedition has damaged Senator Burton materially through the State. In Ohio legislatures Cox nearly always holds the balance of power, with fourteen or fifteen members of the house and senate from his home county. That none of his votes will be cast for Burton when the Junior Senator comes up for re-election seems a foregone conclusion.

In his sworn statement, Cox says that Burton sent for him on the Monday night of the convention and agreed with him, in the presence of Joe Gretson, editor of the Cincinnati Times-Star, to divide the Cuyahoga vote on the first ballot between the three avowed candidates and deliver all of his votes to Judge Brown, the Cox candidate, on the second ballot.

TARIFF TO BE ISSUE

Democratic Text-book Denotes Campaign Keynote.

HIGH LIVING COST ATTACKED

Cham Clark Contributes Two Speeches on Payne-Aldrich Bill, and Foss Gives Views on Reciprocity—Republican Speakers Are Given Space for Rate Law Talks.

The tariff, the high cost of living, and "Republican extravagance" are to be made the leading issues by the Democrats in the coming Congressional campaign. This is made clear in the Democratic text-book, just issued.

"The tariff and cost of living" is the leading national issue discussed, 176 pages being devoted to it; "Republican extravagance" fills 44 pages; "Cannon and Cannonism," 24 pages; "President Taft and His Administration," 44 pages; "Publicity of Campaign Funds," 21 pages; "Merchant Marine," 32 pages; "Corporation and Labor Legislation," 70 pages, and "Miscellaneous Subjects," 65 pages; "Quotations from Republican Speeches" fill 20 pages.

Cham Clark, of Missouri, Democratic leader of the House, is the principal contributor among the Democrats, having two speeches in the book, both on the tariff. Representative Foss, of Massachusetts, appears in a speech he delivered on the tariff and reciprocity.

Credit will be claimed by the Democrats for forcing legislation requiring publicity of campaign funds, but the Democratic orators will denounce the provision of the law which gives publicity after the campaign is closed.

Other Issues Cited.

Among the lesser issues suggested by the book are government by injunction, postal savings banks, the Panama Canal, immigration and naturalization laws, the consular and diplomatic service, trusts and combinations, particularly the sugar and steel trusts; rural free delivery, pension legislation, and the election of Senators by the direct vote of the people. Senators Doolittle, of Wisconsin, and Republicans, are quoted on the railroad rate bill, in which they condemn the attitude of their party, Representative Fish is quoted to give the views of a Republican Cannon and the House organization, and Representative Haugen, of Iowa, Republican, is brought forward to shed some light upon the attitude of his party on the tariff.

The campaign book will be ready for general distribution in a few days, but the edition will be restricted because of the meager financial resources of the Democratic Congressional committee.

CHANGED HIS MIND.

An Incident Opens the Eyes of a Busy Merchant.

More than a year ago, says the Survey, a Rochester manufacturer was seated in his office, when a telephone message came from the chamber of commerce, asking him to convey to Pittsburgh the city's invitation for the 1910 play congress. He at once replied that he was too busy to think of making the trip. A few moments after, while walking around his workshop, he noticed a new face. Upon inquiring, he found that the workman had recently come up from the far South.

"How did you happen to come all this distance?" asked the manufacturer.

"Well," said the workman, "I thought of my three children. I wanted to give them all the advantages I could possibly afford. The schools in my small Southern community were not as good as I wished. In some way I heard that the Rochester schools do so much for the children and young people. It meant a good deal of a sacrifice, for I left a foreman's job in Georgia to come to this place here. But when I think of what it means for the future of my children the sacrifice is forgotten, and I am glad I came."

It took scarcely a moment's reflection to lead the manufacturer back to his office, and his voice was soon traveling over the telephone wire to the chamber of commerce, saying that he would go to Pittsburgh to try to secure the play congress for the benefit it would be for all Rochester's children.

HENRY MILLER INJURED.

Actor Thrown Thirty Feet When His Auto Hits Obstruction.

Stamford, Conn., July 31.—Henry Miller, the actor, lies abed in a plaster cast at his country home in North Stamford, one of his ribs being broken and his body covered with bruises. These injuries he received yesterday in a motor accident.

Mr. Miller was driving one of his automobiles over a country road thick with freshly smeared road oil. The car skidded, and while he was endeavoring to straighten it out hit an obstruction. He was thrown thirty feet against a stone.

Dr. Biggs, the attending physician, says his injuries are not serious. He hopes to remove the plaster cast by Thursday.

CRIPPEN THROWS WARRANT ON DECK

Prisoner Becomes Passive After Reading Charges.

ARREST IS MADE QUIETLY

Inspector Dew Lays Trap Pitilessly and Does Not Lay Hand on Suspect Until Sure of His Man—Woman Shrieks Hysterically When She Is Arrested in Stateroom.

Father Point, Quebec, July 31.—A sharp, cold wind blew up from the east and with it the fog from the Atlantic. Four masts and a funnel loomed indistinctly away out on the waters. From the shadows of the wharf a skiff shot out and lost itself in the mist. The dismal horn of the steamer tooted and the bell from the lighthouse buoy sent forth its message of guidance and assurance.

In the skiff sat four sailormen, pea jacketed, brass buttoned, visor capped officers of the pilot service. They rowed hard, but clumsily, with grim determination in each stroke.

Aboard the steamer Montrose, five or six miles down the river, a nervous, careworn passenger paced the deck alone. "Half speed" rang the bell from the bridge.

"What are we doing now?" inquired the passenger of Dr. Stewart, the ship's surgeon.

"This is Father Point, Mr. Robinson, and we take this pilot aboard here," replied the doctor. "You can see the boat coming out to meet us there."

"There seems to be a good many pilots in the boat, doctor," remarked Mr. Robinson, scanning the approaching craft with evident anxiety on his face.

"Yes," said Dr. Stewart, "there are four."

"Stop!" clanged the bell from the bridge to the engine room.

The men in the skiff rested on their oars, a rope uncoiled neatly, and the craft was warped gently alongside the larger vessel. A second later Inspector Dew, of Scotland Yard, dressed in the pilot's uniform of Capt. Delanger, Chief McCarthy, and ex-Chief Denis, likewise attired, together with Francois Gaudreau, the actual pilot, stood on the deck of the Montrose.

Dew's hand was extended to the captain, but his eye passed on.

"That's my man," he said, quietly, but a jubilant, thankful ring in his voice. But that was all. His face became a blank, his knees shook together, and his arms went up as though to protect himself.

"I want to see you below a moment," said Dew, with his characteristic lisp. Then turning to Chief McCarthy, he said: "That's the man."

"You are my prisoner. Anything you say will be taken down in writing and may be used against you at your trial." Passengers and crew, knowing for the first time that something out of the ordinary was going on, crowded to the front, and McCarthy hustled his prisoner, not unkindly, below. As they were descending the narrow ladder, Crippen said:

"Have you a warrant? What is the charge?"

McCarthy produced his authorization for making the arrest, given him in Quebec by Judge Angers. Crippen grasped it before the chief could prevent him, and read the backing greedily.

"Murder and mutilation," he muttered. "Oh, God!"

He threw the warrant on the floor of the passage and continued to his cabin absolutely passive.

A few seconds later a woman's shriek told those aboard that the Le Neve woman had been discovered and arrested. She had recognized Dew in the semi-darkness of the passage as she was emerging from her cabin to join Crippen.

When McCarthy entered he found her lying on the bed fully dressed in boy's clothing. Her lips were trembling and her face as white as death. McCarthy said afterward he thought she would break down, but she recovered herself wonderfully, and when Dew stepped into the cabin she was quite composed.

As the pilot boat swung away from the Montrose's side, Dew, Kendall, McCarthy, and the two prisoners were closed in the captain's cabin.

Gypsy Wordless Language.

To communicate with one another, Gypsies now use letters—and they use the telegraph, too, when necessary—especially in this country. But the modern Romany also follows the "pattaran," tracing the footsteps, or wagon tracks, of his friends on the road by the same method employed by his ancient prototype, reading directions where no words are written as clearly as the gorgio does a road sign. But the pattaran can be read by the gypsy only—it is hidden and secret, although it may be in plain sight, as a signboard is open and public. The pattaran may be formed of sticks or stones or grass, placed cross fashion at the parting of roads in such manner that only a gypsy would instantly notice and understand. To him it means much; first of all, the direction taken by Romany predecessors.

Sells Three-Inch Strip of Land.

Huntington, W. Va., July 31.—The smallest piece of land ever sold here, three inches in width, was purchased by S. A. Drummond of George F. Miller and others for \$100. Drummond built on a lot adjoining and found the house had projected three inches over his lot into adjoining property. Before the deed for the transfer of the three inches of property was effective it was necessary to send it to Baltimore and Greenfield, N. C., for signatures.

THE RULE OF LIFE.

A mountain of books have been written, to show us the paths we should tread, and we have been laden with precepts, by sages both living and dead; and most of the wisdom is useless, for all that a man needs to do, is just to be gentle and true, lad, just to be gentle and true. The name of the teachers is legion who'd point out the road to success; they'd have us believe that the journey, unguided, is full of distress; the secret, however, is simple, and easy to carry in mind; it's just to be honest and kind, lad, just to be honest and kind. I don't care a cent for the theories and creeds that the wise men expound; for all of the words that are thundered are merely a wind and a sound; the logic of life is so simple, it leaves all the dogmas behind; it's just to be honest and kind, lad, just to be honest and kind.

WALT MASON.

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CRIPPEN IS TAKEN.

Continued from Page One.

In her possession a splendid diamond brooch.

Sitting in the cabin, handcuffed and coatless, Crippen presented a curious spectacle. There is no doubt that the man has been eating his heart out with apprehension for the past few days, although it is equally sure he felt that the blow would fall at Quebec and not Father Point. He sat on the small lounge, with his head buried in his hands, huddled back in a corner. Occasionally he would raise his head and glare inquisitively.

His hair, what there is of it, is of a brownish, sandy color. He has shaved the heavy mustache which made his early pictures noticeable. He is under-sized, small, puny creature without anything about him to suggest the criminal, save the eyes, which occasionally blazed forth dangerously and then took on a vacant look.

In his room he kept twitching his hands nervously, and during the time the detectives were searching him he looked sheepish, like nothing so much as a small boy caught stealing jam. There is nothing prepossessing about the man's appearance at all, and it seemed almost a travesty to handcuff him. When Dew produced the diamond rings from the undershirt, Crippen gave a half smile.

Find Diamond Brooch.

In cabin No. 5 Miss Le Neve, alias "John George Robinson," was searched after she revived from the collapse which followed her arrest. She was given brandy, and Inspector Dew and a stewardess went through her clothing. Nothing was found of any consequence save the diamond brooch, and Dew asked her several questions, trying to draw from her what knowledge she had of the crime. She volunteered little information, however.

She was dressed in a brown suit, trousers and coat and waistcoat with a low collar and tie. Her hair was cut short. She is slightly taller than Crippen, with gray eyes, unusually large, and although she was crying in a frightened sort of way when being questioned, it was evident, in spite of her tear stained face, that she was a decidedly pretty girl.

May Flight Extradition.

If Crippen and the girl waive examination, the process of returning them will not be lengthy; but if he decides to exercise his rights in this respect, the proceedings will take four weeks before Inspector Dew can return to England with his prisoners.

The disguise of the girl as a boy was clumsily executed. She never looked the part, and whenever she spoke to him at the table she addressed Crippen in undertones as "Mr. Robbie."

LE NEVE GIRL'S MOTHER

CABLES WORD OF CHEER.

London, July 31.—Mrs. Neave has cabled to her daughter Ethel as follows:

"My darling daughter: I implore you to tell the police everything you know and let nothing come more than the establishing of your innocence. However great may be your affection for your husband, do not, dear, let it be more to you than the duty to yourself, your mother, and your brothers. Be brave, little girl, and have no fear. We are confident of your innocence."

Miss Le Neve's parents still cling to the assumption that until the police informed her, their daughter would have been unaware of the circumstances which led up to the hurried departure and flight across the Atlantic that she is a dupe of the man they have no doubt, and they say this view is shared by the police.

They are more relieved than otherwise that the long period of suspense is over and that the girl is now in safe keeping.

No crime in the present generation has excited such keen widespread interest here as that with which Dr. H. H. Crippen is charged. Special editions of the newspapers with the bare announcement that he has been identified and arrested were eagerly bought up. Later in the evening cablegrams giving full details were published.

Bolivia's Gold Supply.

From Harper's Weekly.

It has been known for some years that the interior of Bolivia is one of the richest unexplored gold fields in the world, and experts have prophesied that, once this country is opened up, it is likely to be the center of the world's gold supply.

The immense difficulties, however, that have beset the steps of explorers and prospectors have left these auriferous regions practically untouched by modern miners.

Since the times of the Incas rough trails have existed between the ancient Incas centers of Titicaca and Cuzco and the deep forest-clad ravines of the eastern Cordilleras, which culminate in the important river of Kaka, close to the small village of Guanay. The most important of these precipitous valleys have been formed by the rivers Tupani, Mapiri, Chichana, and Corocito. It is accepted that the ancient trails leading into these valleys were built by the Incas for extracting gold from the immense deposits of gravel existing in every one of them. So thoroughly did the ancients work these auriferous regions that almost every yard of gravel that could be worked by primitive methods, and without the aid of modern machinery, has been worked out. The labor expended must have been immense and the results astonishing, judging from recent times. But no organized attempt, supported by capital, has ever been made to exploit the gold fields which were beyond the power of the Incas miners to handle.

Not Allowed to Suspect.

The officers of the ship say that nothing was allowed to transpire which would show Crippen that his identity was guessed; in fact, outside of the captain and one or two trusted officials, those on the boat were not aware that the quiet-looking man rather slovenly dressed in brown, with the boy pacing the deck or sitting reading a book together, were the objects of a police hunt which in its dramatic energy had aroused the interest of the world.

The officers of the ship say that Crippen always carried a revolver, but as already stated, no gun was found on him

or in the room. His demeanor throughout the voyage was quiet and reserved, and it was only during the past two or three days that he began to show signs of nervousness. The sight of the little pilot boat this morning brought the hunted look into his eyes, and, according to Dr. Stewart, who was with him at the time Dew climbed on board, Crippen immediately recognized the man from Scotland Yard, and answered his beckoning finger like a sheep dog following the call of his master.

No Inking Among Passengers.

None of the passengers, either in the second or third class, being nearly all from continental Europe, had any inkling of what was going on. One man in the saloon at lunch this afternoon inquired of the steward why Mr. and Master Robinson were not coming down. The newspaper men surprised some, who evidently regarded them as some kind of government officials coming, as they do from lands where these grow as thick as leaves on the trees.

Crippen spent the greater part of the voyage between Father Point and Quebec in the company of Inspector Dew, who questioned the man closely. Crippen asked to be supplied with some reading matter. He is being closely watched and is handcuffed. He gives the appearance, though, of a man who has not the physical pluck to take his life.

But he is once more in the clutches of Inspector Dew, and is not likely to escape being arraigned for the crime of murdering his wife and stripping the bones of all flesh, afterward burying them in quicklime under the cellar of the house in Hilldrop Crescent, London.

Inspector Dew, who raced across the Atlantic on the Laurentine when information was received from the Montrose that two persons suspected of being Crippen and Miss Le Neve were on board, expressed pleasure that his voyage had not been in vain, but refused to discuss the case, seeing that the man was now under arrest. Crippen and Miss Le Neve were arrested on the same warrant by Detective Denis, of the provincial police.

Some surprise was expressed among the officers of the Montrose that Crippen should have chosen such a boat as this, where the number of cabin passengers is comparatively small and it is not hard to notice anything peculiar. On a big liner the pair might have eluded observation and got off safely.

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REPAIRS ORDERED

Treasury Building to Get \$180,000 Overhauling.

MacVEAGH PRESENTS REPORT

Tells of Needed Improvements Which Were Agreed on at Special Conference and Turns Plans Over to New York Firm that Will Push Work—Provision for Money.

Improvements amounting to \$180,000 to be made in the Treasury Building have been placed by Secretary MacVeagh in the hands of York & Sawyer, New York bank architects, with instructions to push the work as speedily as possible. It is expected that the changes will be completed in four months.

The principal feature will be the elimination of the huge granite entrance steps on the Fifteenth street side. Several passenger elevators will be installed at the new entrance. Other changes will be the establishment of locker rooms for the clerks; the segregation of money-handling divisions on the ground floor; arrangements for shipping supplies from the west courtyard instead of from Fifteenth street; placing of frieze windows in the third floor, and a general rearrangement of bureaus and divisions for the facilitation of work.

Since Secretary MacVeagh took office a general survey of conditions has been going on with a view to the reorganization of the offices and bureaus. Sanitary conditions were found to be neglected because of overcrowding of offices.

Secretary MacVeagh's Report.

The changes were decided upon at a long consultation between Treasury officials and architects. In an official report Secretary MacVeagh says: "Secretary MacVeagh found himself installed in a structure which had gradually become so filled that hardly a single division was working to the best advantage in a properly lighted room big enough for it. Across the hall from his own office was a part of the division of bookkeeping and warrants. The rest of this division had seven rooms in three places on the east side of the building on the floor below, two rooms and a document vault over the west portico on the floor above, and files in the east side of the third story. To get an area of 6,200 square feet, the division had been distributed in thirteen rooms in six separate locations on three floors. To reach them all, one had to walk half the length and width of the building.

Besides the serious overcrowding of the divisions themselves, there was a lack of space, both for filing and storage; the public corridors were used for clerical work, for money handling and canning, and were overworked with files and boxes.

Made Cleanliness Impossible.

"These conditions were not only unhealthy and inconvenient, but they made it impossible to run the building properly and keep it clean. The sub-basement corridors, in particular, were used as storage spaces for tons of paper to be used at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing for postage and internal revenue stamps, the narrow alleys between